THE

CUNNING-MAN.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CUNNING-MAN.	Mr. CHAMPNESS.
COLIN.	Mr. VERNON.
PHŒBE.	Mrs. ARNE.
VILLAGERS.	

The Tranſlator cannot ſend this Second Edition to the preſs, without making his acknowledgments to the Managers of Drury Lane *Theatre, for their great care in getting up this little piece: to the Porformers, for their excellent repreſentation of it; and to the Public, for their favourable acceptance of his feeble endeavours to contribute his mite towards their innocent amuſements.*

643. g. 6.
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THE CUNNING-MAN,

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN DRURY-LANE.

Originally written and compoſed by

M. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Imitated, and adapted to his original Muſic,

By CHARLES BURNEY.

His buſineſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle:
To make them to themſelves give anſwer,
For which they pay the Necromancer. HUDIBRAS.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A DE HONDT,
near Surry-Street, in the Strand.
MDCCLXVI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTHING but the great reputation of M. Rouſſeau, and of the following little Drama, would have encouraged the Tranſlator to appear out of his own character before ſo reſpectable a tribunal as the Public: but as no production, of the ſame kind, was ever more admired, or more frequently performed abroad; he was tempted to try its ſucceſs at home.

The native ſimplicity and beauty of the original poetry, he could not flatter himſelf with the hopes of preſerving in the tranſlation; eſpecially as it was neceſſary to adjuſt Engliſh words to melodies already made for a foreign language: and, ſometimes, to form them into numbers not very common or natural to our own. However, the Airs have been ſcrupulouſly preſerved from change or mutilation; as the Tranſlator always thought them ſo pleaſing, and ſo much the muſic of nature, that the coincidence of the words with the muſic, would be their greateſt recommendation: as they can hardly, indeed, fail to gratify the ear, when ſung, however they may diſpleaſe it, when read.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

He hopes, therefore, that the words and the muſic will be always conſidered together: with the muſic he could take but few liberties; not only becauſe it could not be altered without injury, but becauſe it is known to a conſiderable number of perſons, whoſe ears would be equally diſappointed by the omiſſion of ſounds to which they were accuſtomed, or offended by the intruſion of ſuch as were unexpected.

As to the tranſlation, it is ſubmitted to the Public with that conſciouſneſs of its defects, which the Tranſlator feels too forcibly not to wiſh that the difficulties had been leſs, or that his abilities had been more equal to the taſk.

Upon rehearſing the Muſic, it has been thought neceſſary to retrench the Second Act, for fear of ſatiety: for though the Airs and Dances, after the reconciliation of Colin *and* Phœbe, *are by no means inferior to the reſt in point of compoſition; yet, as no other buſineſs remained to be done after that circumſtance but that of mere feſtivity, the Editor, with ſome reluctance, ſubmitted to the omiſſion of ſuch Airs, &c. as are printed with inverted commas: which, however, are all publiſhed, with the Muſic, by Mr.* Bremner *in the* Strand.

THE CUNNING-MAN.

ACT I.

The Theatre represents a rural Scene with the CUNNING-MAN's *House on the Side of a Hill.*

SCENE I.

PHŒBE *(Weeping, and wiping her Eyes with her Apron.)*

AIR.

LOST is all my peace of mind,
Since my COLIN proves unkind:
Alas! he's gone for ever.
Ah! since he has learn'd to rove,
Fain would I forget my Love:
Ah me! Ah me! vain is my endeavour.

RECITATIVE.

He lov'd me once——thence flows my pain:
Who then is ſhe has won my ſwain?
Some charming Nymph?——Ah! ſimple Fair!
And fear'ſt thou not my ills to ſhare?
COLIN for me has ceas'd to burn,
Thou too, ere long, may'ſt have thy turn——
But why forever thus complain?
Since nought can cure my love,
And all augments my pain!

AIR.

" Loſt is all my peace of mind,
" Since my COLIN proves unkind:
" Alas! he's gone for ever.

RECITATIVE.

" I fain would hate him——nay I ought,
" Perhaps he loves me ſtill——vain thought!
" Why then for ever from me fly,
" Whoſe preſence once was all his joy?"
Here lives a CUNNING-MAN, who well
Our future fortune can foretell.
Ah there he is——of him I'll know
If Love will always prove my foe.

SCENE II.

CUNNING MAN and PHŒBE.

PHŒBE *(Telling Money, and hesitating as she approaches the* CUNNING-MAN, *to whom she gives the Money, which she had been counting and folding in a Paper, during the Prelude.)*

WILL COLIN ne'er be mine again?
Tell me, if death must end my pain?

C. MAN.

I read your heart, and his can tell——

PHŒBE.

O Heav'n!——

C. MAN.

Your grief asswage——

PHŒBE.

——Well!

COLIN——

C. MAN.

To you is falſe of late——

PHŒBE.

Ah me! I die!——go on——

C. MAN.

And yet,
He always loves you——

PHŒBE.

——What! What ſaid ye?——

C. MAN.

More artful, but leſs fair, the lady
Who dwells hard by——

PHŒBE.

——To her he roves?

C. MAN.

But you, I've ſaid, he always loves——

PHŒBE.

PHŒBE.

And always flies!——

C. MAN.

——On me depend,
I ſoon the Rover back will ſend.
COLIN is vain, and fond of dreſs,
And that has made him love you leſs;
An outrage, by my art I ſwear,
His love hereafter ſhall repair.

PHŒBE.

AIR.

Had I heard each am'rous ditty
Breath'd by ſparks about the town;
Ah! how many ſpruce and witty
Lovers there I might have won!

Dreſs'd as fine as any lady,
I ſhould then each day have ſhone,
Bright and beautiful as May-day,
With rich lace and ribbands on.

Had I heard, &c.

But for love of this Ungrateful,
I from ev'ry joy could part;
Rich attire to me were hateful,
If it robb'd him of my heart.
Had I heard, &c.

C. MAN.

RECITATIVE.

His heart I'll ſoon reſtore;
Beware you never loſe it more;
But firſt, his paſſion to increaſe,
Feign, feign, fair Maid, to love him leſs.

AIR.

If uneaſy, Love increaſes;
If contented, ſound he ſleeps:
She, who with coquettry teazes,
Faſt in chains her ſhepherd keeps.

PHŒBE.

RECITATIVE.

Reſign'd to your advice alone——

C. MAN.

With COLIN you muſt change your tone.

PHŒBE.

PHŒBE.

Though hard the taſk, I yet will feign
To imitate the fickle ſwain.

AIR.

I'll teaze him and fret him,
And ſeem to forget him,
I'll try ev'ry art to recover my ſwain:
Diſguiſing my ſorrow,
The airs I will borrow
Of Flirts and Coquettes, whom at heart I diſdain.

C. MAN.

RECITATIVE.

Be wiſe, howe'er you fright th' Ingrate,
Nor him too cloſely imitate.---
My Art now ſays he'll ſoon be here;
I'll call you when you may appear.

[*Exit* PHŒBE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

CUNNING-MAN.

Tho' COLIN told me all I know,
He wonders—I can conjure ſo—
" And both admire the magick ſpell,
" By which I find out—what they tell—
Here comes the Swain—and now I'll try
To touch his heart with jealouſy.

SCENE IV.

CUNNING-MAN and COLIN.

COLIN.

By Love, and your inſtructions, wiſe,
I now, for Phœbe, wealth deſpiſe.——
I pleas'd her once, in habit plain,
What greater bliſs can fin'ry gain?

C. MAN.

C. MAN.

Thou'rt now forgot, ſo long thou'ſt rang'd.

COLIN.

Forgot! Oh Heaven! is Phœbe chang'd?

C. MAN.

Did ever woman, young and fair,
For wrongs like hers, revenge forbear?

COLIN.

AIR.

No, no, my Phœbe will ne'er deceive me,
She will ne'er forget her vows:
For other Shepherd can ſhe leave me?
Can ſhe be another's ſpouſe?

C. MAN.

RECITATIVE.

No Shepherd's now to you preferr'd,
But 'tis a young, and handſome Lord.

COLIN.

Who told you ſo?——

C. MAN.

——My art——

COLIN.

——No doubt,
Your ſkill all ſecrets can find out!——
Alas! how dearly I ſhall pay
For being weakly led aſtray!
Is Phœbe then for ever loſt?

C. MAN.

By Fortune, Love is often croſs'd.
If pretty fellows we muſt be,
'Tis ſometimes at our coſt, you ſee.

COLIN.

Oh! lend your aid!——

C. MAN

——Let me conſult
My books——The taſk is difficult. [*Exit* Colin.

[*The* Cunning-Man *takes a Conjuring-book out of his pocket, and with his white wand forms a ſpell during the ſymphony.*]

C. MAN.

——The charm is ended, [*Enter* Colin.
Hither comes the maid offended.

COLIN.

Can I appeaſe her juſt diſdain?
Her pardon may I hope t'obtain?

C. MAN.

A heart that's truly kind and tender,
Propitious ſoon, a Nymph may render——
But at yon fountain wait, till ſhe
Approach, and ſpeak your deſtiny. [*Exit* Colin.

SCENE V*.

C. MAN.

But firſt I'll ſee th' afflicted Maid,
And with my ſage advice will aid.——
From Lovers, credulous as theſe,
I quickly gain both fame, and fees;
And ſhall, when once their union's crown'd,
Be prais'd by all the neighbours round:
Who hither haſten, from all parts,
To learn who ſteals their Goods——and Hearts.
For, luckily, they ne'er find out
Whence all our ſcience comes about.

AIR.

Some think, in the ſtars we are able
Paſt, preſent, and future to read:
Some think, from white wand, or gown ſable,
The whole art and myſtery proceed.

* As this Piece was thought too long for one Act upon the Engliſh Stage, the Tranſlator was obliged to add the words and muſick of this Scene, together with the Air, *I'll teaze him and fret him*, &c. in the ſecond Scene, in order to divide it into two Acts.

But they know not the plan
Of a true Cunning-Man.

When Fortúne will rude be or civil,
Some think we by magic are told;
And ſome that we deal with the Devil,
To whom we've our carcaſſes ſold:
But that's not the plan
Of a true Cunning-Man.

But when folks have been at our dwelling,
And to us have their ſecrets betray'd,
We for hearing their tale——and then telling,
Are ſure to be very well paid.——
And this is the plan
Of a true Cunning-Man. [*Exit.*

END of ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A country proſpect.*

COLIN Solo.

AIR.

I Soon my charming Nymph ſhall view;
Fine houſes, grandeur, wealth, adieu!
No more by you my love is croſt.
If my tears,
My anxious cares
Can touch the maid whom I adore,
I then may ſee renew'd once more
Thoſe happy moments I have loſt!
I then may ſee, &c.

Love with love, if but repaid,
Is there need of other bliſs?
Give me back thy heart, ſweet Maid!
Colin has reſtor'd thee his.

Now my crook, and oaken reed,
Shall my only trappings prove:
Bleſs'd with Phœbe, ſhall I need
Other treaſures than her love?
Love with love, &c.

What great Lords did ev'ry hour
For my Phœbe fondly ſigh!
Yet, in ſpight of all their pow'r,
They leſs happy are than I.

Love with love, if but repaid,
Is there need of other bliſs?
Give me back thy heart, ſweet Maid!
Colin has reſtor'd thee his.

SCENE

SCENE II.

COLIN and PHŒBE.

COLIN. [*Aſide.*

RECIT. Accompanied.

Ah! here ſhe comes, I tremble at her ſight.——
I'll e'en retreat——ſhe's loſt if once I fly.

PHŒBE. [*Aſide.*

He ſees me now——I'm in a dreadful fright!——
Be ſtill, my heart.——

COLIN.

——I'll e'en my fortune try. [*Aſide.*

PHŒBE.

I'm nearer got than I at firſt deſign'd. [*Aſide.*

COLIN. [*Aſide.*

On, on I'll go; there's no retreat, I find——
[*To* Phœbe, *in a ſoothing and confuſed tone of voice.*]
Sweet Phœbe! are you angry, ſay?
I Colin am——O look this way!

PHŒBE.

PHŒBE.

Ah, Colin!——

COLIN. [*Returning.*

——What?

PHŒBE.

——And wilt thou go?

COLIN.

Muſt I then feel the double woe,
To loſe thy heart, forego thy charms,
And ſee thee in a rival's arms?

PHŒBE.

DUET.

While I my Colin knew to pleaſe,
No other wiſh I had to name:

COLIN.

I thought my joy could never ceaſe,
While Phœbe own'd a mutual flame.

PHŒBE.

But, ſince to me his heart's denied,
Mine's given to another ſwain.

COLIN.

Ah! ſince the gentle knot's untied,
Does another bliſs remain?——
My dear Phœbe then will leave me!

PHŒBE.

I fear a lover who'll deceive me.

BOTH.

I diſengage me in my turn:
My heart's now in a peaceful ſtate,
And will, if poſſible, forget,
That e'er it did for {Colin / Phœbe} burn.

COLIN.

However great the wealth or pleaſure
Which new engagements would have given;
Phœbe, I thought, a greater treaſure
Than all the good that's under Heaven.

PHŒBE.

PHŒBE.

Me Colin lov'd——Colin was true——
I ſee not Colin——yet ſee you.

COLIN.

My heart has never chang'd——ſome vile
Enchantment did my ſenſe beguile.
But our ſagacious, Cunning-Man,
Has broke the charm——and now, again,
In ſpite of envy, you will find,
I'm Colin ſtill, and ſtill more kind.

PHŒBE.

I, in my turn, am now purſu'd
By ſpell, which ne'er can be ſubdu'd
By Cunning-Man——

COLIN.

Unhappy me!

PHŒBE.

A youth of greater conſtancy——

COLIN.

Ah! death will quickly end my ſmart,
If Phœbe from her vows depart!

PHŒBE.

Your future cares in vain will prove,
No, Colin, you no more I love.

COLIN.

AIR.

Your love from me's not yet departed,
No, conſult firſt well your breaſt;
To kill me, were you ſo hard-hearted,
Would deſtroy your peace and reſt.

PHŒBE.

[*Aſide.*] Ah me!—No, by you betray'd. [*To* Colin.
Uſeleſs all your cares will prove,
Since Colin now I ceaſe to love.

COLIN.

I'm then undone!——Ah! cruel Maid!
Since 'tis your will that I ſhould die,
For ever I'll the village fly. [*Going.*

PHŒBE.

AIR.

Haſte, haſte ye maidens fair,
Haſte, haſte ye jocund ſwains;
Aſſemble here, aſſemble here,
And imitate this pair.
Gay ſhepherds quit the Plains,
Fair nymphs from village haſte;
Their joy, in tuneful ſtrains,
Come ſing, and learn to taſte.

SCENE IV.

COLIN, PHŒBE, CUNNING-MAN, with a company of Villagers, of both ſexes.

DANCE.

CHORUS. [*With the* Cunning-Man.]

Since Colin now has ceas'd to range,
Let's celebrate the happy change:
May their home be bleſt with peace,
And their love each day encreaſe!

CHORUS.

" CHORUS. [*Without the* Cunning-Man.]

" Sing ye nymphs and ſhepherds the praiſes,
" Loudly ſing of our Cunning-Man:
" A dead paſſion to life he raiſes,
" And makes true and happy the ſwain.

PASTORAL DANCE.

[*The Shepherdeſſes give a Noſegay to* COLIN, *who immediately preſents it to* PHŒBE.]

[*The Shepherds give* PHŒBE *a Noſegay, who, in her Turn, gives it to* COLIN.]

COLIN.

AIR.

" In my cottage obſcure,
" New evils for ever I ſhare;
" Now cold, now heat I endure,
" Nor am e'er free from labour and care.

" But, if Phœbe's my bride,
" And will all my paſt follies forget,
" While with her I reſide,
" A thatch'd houſe will have nought to regret.

PHŒBE.

Though a young and charming Lord
Has often woo'd me to his arms;
COLIN was fondly then preferr'd
To all his profer'd wealth and charms.

COLIN.

Ah! my Phœbe!

PHŒBE.

Ah! too fickle Swain!
Muſt I then love, in ſpight of all diſdain?

PRELUDE.

[Phœbe *reminds* Colin *of a ribband in his hat, which had been given him by the lady: He throws it away, and ſhe gives him a more ordinary one, which he receives with tranſport.*]

COLIN.

DUET.

Colin now his faith has plighted,
Nor longer will rove.

PHŒBE.

PHŒBE.

Phœbe now her heart has plighted,
And conſtant will prove.

BOTH.

When by Hymen united,
How endleſs our love!

SCENE III.

CUNNING-MAN, COLIN, PHŒBE.

C. MAN.

My pow'r has caus'd th' enchantment dire to ceaſe,
And, ſpight of envy, giv'n your love encreaſe.

[*They ſeverally offer him a preſent.*]

COLIN.

Our thanks by this are ill expreſs'd.

C. MAN. [*Receiving with both hands.*]

I'm amply paid, if you are bleſs'd.

AIR.

" From the mead or the field,
" If fatigu'd, I return, when 'tis night,
" New life, new vigour, ſhe'll yield,
" New comfort and joy to my ſight.

" Ere the ſun gilds the plains,
" Or reddens the tops of the groves,
" I ſhall charm all my pains
" By ſinging with rapture our loves.

" C. MAN.

" We all with zeal muſt here eſſay
" To ſignalize ourſelves to-day:
" And ſince I cannot jump ſo high as you,
" My part ſhall be to ſing a ſong that's new.
" [*Pulls a ſong out of his pocket, and ſings.*]

" AIR.

" Sometimes a paſſion's rais'd by art,
" Sometimes 'tis nature gives the ſmart;
" Though courtly Lovers well can charm,
" Yet village hearts are ſtill more warm.
" Love is juſt like April weather,
" Ne'er the ſame an hour together:
" Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
" Nothing, nothing but a child.

PHŒBE.

Phœbe now her heart has plighted,
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" Ne'er the ſame an hour together:
" Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
" Nothing, nothing but a child.

" COLIN.

" 'Tis but a child, 'tis but a child.

" RECITATIVE.

" Stay, ſtay, [*To the* Cunning-Man, *who is putting*
" *the ſong in his pocket.*] there other verſes are—
" And very pretty too I ſwear.

" PHŒBE.

" Let's ſee, let's ſee——I eager burn,
" To ſing a Stanza in my turn.

AIR.

Though here, alone with nature Love
In ſimple guiſe delights to rove;
In other places, he no leſs
Affects the borrow'd charms of dreſs.

Love is juſt like April weather,
Ne'er the ſame an hour together:
Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
Nothing, nothing but a child.

CHORUS.

'Tis but a child, 'tis but a child.

COLIN.

A cheriſh'd flame we often ſee
Produc'd by ingenuity;
A fickle heart we oft retain
By arts coquettiſh, light and vain,
Love is juſt like April, &c.

" PHŒBE.

" Yet Love diſpoſes of us all,
" At his own fancy's fickle call:
" Black jealouſy he now permits,
" Now puniſhes our jealous fits.
" Love is juſt like April, &c.

" COLIN.

" From Fair to Fair, while fickly toſt,
" The happy moment's often loſt:
" A Swain quite conſtant oft will find,
" He's leſs belov'd, than one unkind.
" Love is juſt like April, &c.

" PHŒBE.

" On Mortals each caprice to prove,
" Now ſmiles, now tears awaken love:
" Rebuff'd—Rebuff'd— [*Finds it difficult to read.*]

" COLIN. [*Who helps her to decypher it.*]

" Rebuff'd by rigour, far he flies,

" PHŒBE.

" By favours weaken'd, faints, and dies.

" BOTH.

" Love is juſt like April weather,
" Ne'er the ſame an hour together,
" Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
" Nothing, nothing but a child.

" CHORUS.

" 'Tis but a child, 'tis but a child.

" PHŒBE.

" AIR.

" United with the Swain I love,
" My life a round of joy will prove;
" Of grief we ne'er can feel the ſting,
" While thus we laugh and dance and ſing.
" What a bleſſing is life!
" If 'tis ſeaſon'd by love!
" No care, no ſorrow or ſtrife,
" Can its joy e'er remove.

" Thus

" Thus a gentle river flows,
" Meand'ring as it goes,
" Through flow'ry meads which grace its way
" With all that's fair, and ſweet, and gay.

" United with the Swain I love,
" My life a round of joy will prove;
" Of grief we ne'er can feel its ſting,
" While thus we laugh, and dance and ſing."

AIR.

Let us now dance with mirth and glee,
Laſſes and lads, beat, beat the ground;
Let us now dance, all under this tree,
To the ſweet pipe's enliv'ning ſound.

CHORUS [*repeats with her. The Villagers dancing at the ſame time.*]

Let us now dance, &c.

Let us firſt ſing, then dance to each Air,
And in the joy that all may have part,
Let each Swain dance with his fav'rite Fair,
And let each Laſs have the Lad of her heart.
Then let us now dance, &c.

Though

Though noiſe and ſplendour they boaſt of in town,
More heart-felt enjoyments our feſtivals crown:
While dance and ſong,
Our bliſs prolong,
And beauty warms,
With artleſs charms—
What muſick e'er with our pipes can compare?

Then let us all dance with mirth and glee,
Laſſes and Lads, beat, beat the ground;
Let us then dance all under this tree,
To the ſweet pipe's enliv'ning ſound.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

FINIS.

Printed for T. BECKET and Co. in the Strand.

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By the Tranſlator of Eloiſa, &c.

STRAND,
Nov. 29. 1766.